

News Wants
Always Lead
In the amount of returns
that you get. If you want
returns put your Ad in
the BETHEL NEWS.....

WANTS, LOST, ETC.
Notices under this head charged one week
for 25 cents. Three weeks for 50 cents.

AGENTS WANTED.
In every city and town in Maine for
STEARNS, TOURIST, TRIBUNE, and
PIERCE Bicycles. Apply at once to
F. O. BAILEY & CO., State Agents,
46 Exchange Street,
Portland, Maine.
Mention the News.

WANTED.
Situation as Nurse, Address, Mrs.
R. E. Stone, West Bethel, Me. 3w42

WANTED.
Wanted 100 Rabbits at the home of
the late J. G. RICE, 3w42

Lost.
Last Friday morning, somewhere
on the highway between Bethel
and West Bethel, a pair of meat
scales. Finder will be rewarded
by leaving same at my shop in
Bethel.

FOR SALE.
Eggs for setting. 13 Barred Ply-
mouth Rock eggs, \$1.00; 26, \$1.50;
39, \$2.00. From one of the best
strains on earth, "Rudds." Lim-
ited number of settings, White
Wyandottes, 13 for \$1.00. Ply-
mouth Rock pullets, \$1.00 each.
S. W. Johnson, Deering Centre,
Maine.

NOTICE.
The subscribers will receive bids
up to March 30th for a superintend-
ent for the Bethel poor farm, the
year to begin April 6th, 1897.
There are but two paupers on the
farm at present.

Henry Farwell, Overseer of
J. C. Billings, of
C. E. Barker, Poor.

For Sale.
We have at the News office a
new sewing machine, taken in pay-
ment for advertising space, which
we will sell cheap for cash. The
machine was made by the New
Home Sewing Machine Co., and is
a very pretty and durable ma-
chine. Any one contemplating
purchasing a sewing machine will
do well to call at the News office
and look this one over.

NEWS PUBLISHING CO.,
Bethel, Maine.

L. C. Ball,
Artists' Materials,
Canvas, Academy Board,
Palettes, Brushes,
Oil and China Colors,
Retouching Varisettes, Etc.....

Cole Block, BETHEL, ME.

C. L. DAVIS,
General Trucking and Dealer in

COAL, ICE, &c.

Trucking of every kind promptly attended
to. Orders to be left at home.

O. L. DAVIS,
MAIN STREET, BETHEL, MAINE

BUSINESS

Actual business by mail and common carrier at

The Shaw Business College

PORTLAND and Augusta, Me.

F. L. SHAW, PRINCIPAL. - PORTLAND.

A. S. Kimball,
M. L. Kimball,

KIMBALL & SON,

Attorneys at Law,

NORWAY, MAINE.

All business will receive prompt and careful
attention.

Lovejoy House,

W. F. Lovejoy & Son, Prop's,

BETHEL HILL, - - - MAINE.

This popular house has been repaired since
last season, the stable and outbuildings
have been moved to the rear of the house,
thus leaving the view of the Mountains
unobscured. Parties wanting a quiet sum-
mer home will find this one of the most desir-
able places in the Mountains region.

YOU CAN NOT

do better than to buy your

GROCERIES,

FRUIT,

CONFECTIONERY,

CANNED GOODS,

TOBACCO, CIGARS, ETC.

Of R. E. L. Farwell,

72 MAIN ST., BETHEL, MAINE.

Best Prices Paid for Eggs in Exchange for
Goods.

DR. H. H. TUKEY,

SURGEON DENTIST,

ANDOVER CORNER, ME.

I wish to inform the citizens of Hancock
and surrounding towns that I am prepared to
call as homes if convenient to come to my
office and perform all parts of DENTISTRY.
Having had twenty years experience in Port-
land and Westbrook I feel free in guaranteeing
satisfaction in all cases.

Artificial Teeth, \$6.00 and \$8.00.

Warranted the Very Best.

Fittings, 50 cts. and Upwards.

Teeth extracted without pain with my new
Anesthetic. Warranted to be perfectly harm-
less.

Will be at Hancock the FIRST TUESDAY of
each month, and Rumford Point the SECOND
TUESDAY of each month.

Wanted—An Idea

Who can think
of a new
thing to patent?
Write JOHN WEBSTER & CO., Patent Attor-
neys, 100 Washington St., Boston, Mass., for
free of two hundred inventors wanted.

SPINAL

SINGLE Of the...
COPIES BERLIN EDITION
—OF THE—
NEWS.....
100. EACH AT NEWS OFFICE

The Bethel News.

JOB
PRINTING
First-Class, Up-to-Date Work at
THE NEWS OFFICE.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF BETHEL AND SURROUNDING TOWNS.

\$1.25 Per Year, in advance.

BETHEL, MAINE, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17, 1897.

Vol. II. No. 42

BETHEL LOCALS.

**Items of Interest. What
Our People Talk About.**

**"A City That is Set on a Hill Can-
not Be Hid."**

The apple that grows highest is the best
upon the tree;
The rose that is most fragrant always
has the sharpest thorn;
The pearl that is the purest lies within
the deepest sea,
And the deeds that live the longest
are of hardest efforts born!

The love that's won too lightly is not
treasured as a gem;
The words that flow most freely never
have the greatest weight;
Man appreciates his blessings if he has
to strive for them,
But never knows their value if they're
passed upon a plate!"

E. S. Kilborn went to Andover
last Saturday.

Mrs. Hilliard Chapman is suffer-
ing with the grip.

R. E. L. Farwell and wife went
to Portland last Saturday.

Whist parties are quite the
thing in Bethel this season.

There has not been a fire in
Bethel village for more than a
year.

Ceylon Rowe has a nice assort-
ment of ladies' drop skirts, just
received.

Arthur Wiley is home from
Norway this week. His school is
taking a vacation.

Miss T. S. Hastings has been in
Lewiston and Portland a week or
more visiting friends.

John Harris went to Danvers,
Mass., last Saturday, where he will
be employed on a milk farm.

The present season's cut of lum-
ber around Moosehead lake aggre-
gates about forty million feet.

Oranges may be obtained now at
the same price as lemons, but they
are apt to be of the same grade of
sweetness.

Judge Foster is attending court
at Skowhegan this week. Last week
the Judge was in Portland
on a referee case.

Ceylon Rowe has more of the
"Niles Mills" flour, full ground,
that he is selling low. Have you
tried his tea at 25c per pound?

The Aroostook Republican says
that during the past three months
H. A. Edwards, of Caribou, has
shipped more than 85,000 railroad
ties.

D. E. Edwards, a former Bethel
boy and son of Col. C. S. Edwards,
is to erect and equip a roller flour-
ing mill at Fort Fairfield in the
early spring.

The best line of clothing, hats,
caps, boots, slippers and rubbers
in town, for men, women and chil-
dren, at the lowest prices ever
named, at Ceylon Rowe's.

Select your corsets as you do
your shoes—get those that fit.
Our corset department can show
the leading makes, none better
than Royal Worcester Corsets. E.
E. Burnham.

The members of the Good
Templar's Lodge are requested to
meet at their hall next Friday
evening at 7.30, prompt. Arrange-
ments have been made for a sleigh-
ing party, after which they will
return to the hall for cake, dough-
nuts and coffee. Six applications
for membership have lately been
received and the applicants will
be initiated after returning from
the ride. Sides will be chosen for
a competitive entertainment.

Dr. E. F. Townsend, the
eminent oculist and physician of
Boston, Mass., will be at the hotel
in Bethel, Me., March 27, 28, and 29.
3 days only, where he will operate
on and treat the eyes and fit glass-
es of every description, no matter
how difficult the case may be. In
complicated or compound cases
lenses will be ground to cover
each and every defect of vision.
Crossed eyes cured without an
operation. Call and learn our
methods. Don't fail to carefully
read Dr. Townsend's Herald which
will be distributed by his agent.
Have your eyes attended to.

March, April, May.

Are the months in which to give
special attention to the condition
of your physical health. If you
pass safely through these months
and find yourself strong and vigor-
ous on the arrival of warmer
weather, you may reasonably ex-
pect that you will be well in sum-
mer. Now is the time to take
Hood's Sarsaparilla, because now
is the time when the blood must
be purified, enriched and vitalized,
and because Hood's Sarsaparilla is
the only true blood purifier prom-
inently in the public eye today.

Hood's Sarsaparilla has power to
make you healthy and guard your
system against disease.

Seven inches of snow fell Sun-
day.

Mr. Metcalf is the guest of Mr.
and Mrs. Walker.

Mr. Berto Bryant of Bowdoin,
Brunswick, came up Saturday to
spend a day or two.

Miss Alice Furlington, who has
been spending her vacation in
Waterville, returned Monday.

Between thirty and forty took
the teachers' examination in the
brick school house last Saturday.

The Literary Circle will meet
to-morrow afternoon at half past
two, at the home of Mrs. C. Bisbee.

A special meeting of the Mason-
ic Lodge was held last Thursday
evening, the district deputy being
present.

The members of the Epworth
League were entertained last Mon-
day evening at the home of Mrs.
Ada Durell.

There will be a concert at the
M. E. church next Sunday evening
at seven o'clock, given by the
Junior League.

Dr. and Mrs. Gehring have been
taking the first steps toward
moving into their new residence,
the last few days.

WAR REMINISCENCES

OF THE BETHEL COMPANY.
Company I, Fifth Maine Regiment.
By COL. CLARK S. EDWARDS.

NUMBER XI.

July 18th found the Bethel Com-
pany in its place, with the 5th
Maine Regiment crossing the
Potomac at Berlin, the first ferry
below Harper's. We then moved
up the Lowden Valley to White
Plains, thence by New Baltimore
to Warrenton, where we went into
camp. We remained here until
July 30th, then moved back to
New Baltimore, where we were
encamped until Sept. 15th, our
brigade being on out-post duty.

While stopping at White Plains
for rest and dinner, Capt. Pillsbury
and Lieut. Chandler of our Regi-
ment were captured by Mosely's
guerrillas in sight of the brigade,
and were held as prisoners till the
close of the war. The forty-eight
days in camp at New Baltimore
were pleasantly spent by the Beth-
el Company; however, there was
one or two sad days. I will give a
few extracts from letters written
home at this time.

Camp at New Baltimore.
Aug. 2nd, 1863.

"Once more I date my letters
from this place. It is evening
and the pale moon is shedding
her silver light equally upon us.
While you, with the little ones
around you, are guarding our home,
I am surrounded by the brave boys
of my regiment. The village is
small, consisting of forty or fifty
families, I should judge. The
people are very kind and gener-
ous; have had invitations out to
dine every day since our return."

I also find near the close of this
letter: "Say to the parents of the
boys, they are all well, not a sick
man in the whole regiment, and
none of the wounded from the
battle fields below Fredericksburg,
Salem Church, and Gettysburg of
the Bethel Company have yet re-
turned. Young Littlehale is now
driving an ambulance team. He
is a very fine fellow, one of the
best. Say to uncle Luther, I wish
he had a dozen more like him to
send to this regiment. I find in a
letter written Aug. 10, '63, that
Jewett, who deserted from the
Salem Church battlefield, and was
captured while trying to cross our
lines, was to be shot the next Fri-
day. The sentence was approved
by Brigade Division and Corps
commanders, also by Mead who
commands the Potomac Army,
also by the great and good Lin-
coln.

From a letter written on 'Aug.
14, following, I quote: "To-day
has been a sad, sad day for the
'Old 5th.' Jewett, the deserter,
was shot by order of the highest
authority of the nation. I was
present at the execution, but could
not see him shot." I have often
been asked how a military sentence
of death is carried out, therefore
I give it here as written at the
time.

"The 1st Division of the 6th Corps
were all present, which was com-
prised of three brigades. A hol-
low square was formed, each
brigade making a side; one
of which was not filled, thus:

The prisoner was brought in
on an army wagon with the
chaplain. They rode around the
square, the doomed man sitting on
his coffin, and when reaching the
vacant side of the square he was
taken from the wagon, and his coffin
placed upon the ground. Then the
Adj't Gen. read the sentence and
order, after which the chaplain
offered prayer. The Provost Mar-
shall brought up the shooting
party of ten, with muskets loaded
nine with ball cartridges and
one, only, with powder. The reason
of this was, that none of the party
would know that he shot his
brother soldier.

The cap was then pulled over
his eyes and the marshal gave the
order, "Ready! Fire!" The poor
man fell instantly from his
coffin, and the surgeon at once
made an examination and pro-
nounced him dead. The whole
division marched past his remains,
the band playing. I never wish
to see another execution of the
kind. We then returned to our
camps wiser, and I hope, better
men.

I will here add, that the evidence
before the court was this; that this
was the third time this man had
deserted from our army, each time
taking boys from the regiment
with him. After his execution, up-
on examining him, it was found
that "D" was branded upon his
body in two places, showing him
to have been a deserter from the
English army.

I find in another letter written
Aug. 17: "You say in yours, our
home is looking lovely, as the

trees are beginning to turn a little;
I have no doubt everything in
nature is lovely, as no time in the
year is so pleasant as late August
and September, unless it is June,
but still I could not be contented
long at home, with this war rag-
ing. I feel that I owe my life, if
I need be, to my country. I can
never give up until this cursed
rebellion is crushed out." In my
next letter I find this: "The boys
are living well; they trade their
rations with the farmers, for green
corn, cucumbers, peaches, plums,
apples, pears, new potatoes, etc.,
and not a sick man in the regi-
ment."

In a letter dated Aug. 28th is
this account: "I was at Warrenton
at the presentation of horse, equip-
ments, sword and belt, sash and
spurs, from his old division to Gen.
Sedgwick. It was a great time,
everybody got beastly drunk on
the occasion, and in going to
court yesterday morning, I found
two colonels who were members
of the court, on their coats with
their boots and spurs on.

"The presents were fine, and cost
not less than two thousand dollars.
The party was made up of all the
field and staff of the 6th Corps,
and our brigade being some six
miles from Sedgwick's head-
quarters, we were in a bad fix.
I obtained all the ambulances in
the Corps, loaded them in and
hitched the saddle horse behind
the ambulances, and we started
back to New Baltimore, the old
chaplain and myself bringing up
the rear. Why, the people living
on the route thought it was a
funeral procession, and if the band
had been in a suitable condition I
would have had them play a
dirge.

"Just before reaching the village,
I suggested to the chaplain that
we must create a little enthusiasm
before disposing of our loads at
the different headquarters in the
brigade, so I reined out my horse
and galloped past the 'procession'
to the front, but I found the band
in worse condition than they were
a half hour before.

"We were quite willing to 'let
the band play,' but it was 'no go.'
I halted my horse until the
'mourners' passed, and the chap-
lain came up. I told him it was a
'Lost Cause,' and the country was
'going to the dogs.' The next
day we adjourned the court, soon
after it was assembled, feeling
that it was not safe to try a case,
even for stealing a chicken, as the
jury were not fully through with
their celebration. Such is army
life. I have just been to dinner,
at which was served potatoes,
chicken, pickles, coffee, bread and
butter, and for dessert cantaloupe,
watermelon, pears, and peaches.

"In speaking of chicken, I am
reminded of some cases which we
had in court a few days ago.
Some half dozen of the New York
boys were fined one dollar each
for stealing chickens. We had
great sport out of it." I will
here add a verse from Comrade
Tyler's poem.

"There is another side of soldiering I'd
really like to mention,
But 'twould make you feel so sheepish
it brought to your attention—
Of the many raids and rackets, of for-
aging and theft,
How the 'Onesies' got the chicken
while the old Fifth Maine got left."

In a letter written Aug. 31, I
find the following: "I feel discour-
aged about the replenishing of
our army. The government com-
menced early in the spring to raise
troops or be ready to draft, and
now it is the last day of summer,
and we have not received one half
as many as we have sent North to
enforce the draft.

"The 6th Corps has not yet re-
ceived a man, but has sent one
whole brigade to New York to quell
the riot and enforce the law.
This is very discouraging to us poor
fellows in the field." On the even-
ing of Sept. 5th, a party of Mosely's
guerrillas, led by Dick Lewis, made
a raid into our camp, shooting two
of the picket and wounding one of
the band boys. They made a dash
on Gen. Bartlett's headquarters,
but as the candle was dimly burn-
ing, they mistook the band tent,
where they stored their instru-
ments, for the general's head-
quarters, and fired a half dozen
shots through the bass drum.

"The racket awoke the general,
and he not relishing that kind of
business, jumped from his cot,
seized his revolver, one in each
hand, went forth to battle, not
even stopping to brush his hair or
arrange his collar, and his Adj't
told me, he did not even have on
his night robe. For this I cannot
vouch, but at all events it would
have furnished a picture for an
artist. If Kodaks had then been
invented, I think some of the
Bethel boys will remember that
night. Our regimental lines
were formed in less than two
minutes from the time the first
shot was fired.

(To Be Continued.)

WOMEN'S CHIT-CHAT.

**"From Grave to Gay, From Lively
to Severe."**

Written for this News by "Observer."

SUNDAY.
"Believe in God's love, and be wise,
be patient, be comforted, be cheerful
and happy." Dewey.

MONDAY.
"Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Let thine outstretched wing
Be like the shade of Elin's palm
Beside her desert spring."

TUESDAY.
"We are all building a soul-house;
yet with what different architecture
and what various care." Beecher.

WEDNESDAY.
"Begin with a generous heart.
Think how you can serve others.
Then you shall find resources grow." Frothingham.

THURSDAY.
"In silence mend what ill deforms thy
mind,
But all thy good impart to all thy
kind." Sterling.

FRIDAY.
"Keep the home as a shrine, let
it face toward the Father's House." James Hamilton.

"Not who love us, but whom we love
are ours."

The Observer has lost a great
opportunity! Never again can she
hope to have the chance of appear-
ing in the role of a prophetess "in
good and regular standing."

But for an enforced absence from
home, she could have presented
herself before Five Women's Clubs,
which met in a Village Federation
in Bethel, two weeks ago, and could
have said four words which consti-
tute the most aggravating sentence
in the English language. She
would have seen it fall upon
pleased ears, in this case, for look-
ing them straight in their collec-
tive eye she would have said, with
an emphasis that some would have
understood,

"I told you so."

Convinced, as never before, of
the well-known physiological fact
that we are all reconstructed every
seven years, she looks back with
interest to that day when, in the
last of the eighties, she called upon
the women of her church to help
form a Club, which, while retain-
ing all the old working forces of
the church, should have a broader
mental basis.

Eight aspiring souls met in
response to the first call, each one
of us frightened nearly into spasms
at the sound of her own quavering
voice, and all of us lost in a London
fog of ignorance as to parlamen-
tary usages—with prejudice, ridi-
cule, and sincere disapproval to
face, even to the point of wiping
the name of "Club" completely
out, because it savored of "cigars,
champagne, and cards."

In spite of these unexpected
barriers, thrown across the path of
progress, there was one thing of
which the Observer never lost
sight; she never failed to recognize
the possibilities in the women of
Bethel—and therefore it would
have stirred her heart's depths to
have been allowed to look into the
faces of this united body of women,
with their cleared vision of to-day,
remembering that she believed in
themselves!

If the Observer were to choose
one word in all the depth, breadth,
and height of meaning, as a cord
upon which to string all the pos-
sibilities of these clubs in the coming
years, she would choose the word
CULTIVATION.

This marvelous influence that
shines from the eye, that modu-
lates the tone, controls gesture,
gait, and even transforms the
features! We all feel its charm,
how before its beauty, are magni-
fied by its presence, and feel a
yearning for its completeness. It
is all that truly ennobles society;
it is the soul of life; the inspiration
of all, who in turn, inspire others;
and, unlike the coarser powers of
this world, is within the reach of
all who desire it. It is humanity's
true, ranking process; for as we
stand upon the ladder of effort and
progress, so are we more or less
cultivated.

To have these clubs become a
power in the direction of cultiva-
tion is the greatest good she can
wish for them and will be to their
most lasting honor.

To help us to think; to help us
to feel; to help us to know; and to
help us to do—as we none of us
could unaided, is an aim we may
safely entrust to our clubs' best
efforts.

And how can we practically
avail ourselves of these helps?
Perhaps by first taking an inven-
tory of our greatest needs. If the
Observer were to catalogue the
virtues and faults of women as a
class, she would—condense the
greatest number of failings into
one charge. Women are often
foxy-souled; oftener, still, deep

hearted; but they certainly lack
breadth—and without the wide
vision, height and depth be-
come narrowness—and narrowness
means ever-increasing contraction.
The higher education the coming
woman will receive will counteract
that defect, and the world will yet
see "the perfect woman nobly
planned, to warn, to comfort, to
command"—but we may be par-
doned if an unwillingness to be
wholly happy in the success of pos-
terity takes possession of us.

We feel quite as deep an interest
as to how we—here and now—the
women of Bethel—can become
more widely cultivated women!
If it be true, as Emerson says, that
"to have good manners one need
only not despise them," it may
well be that our first step must be
not to despise what is above us.

To be honestly willing to
acknowledge, and candid in avow-
ing what we feel to be superior to
ourselves in any way, and marking
with solemn emphasis that no
club should remain upon an emi-
nent pedestal, but only time to show
their false foundations, is our first
real advance, towards progress.

Then while bravely facing our
weakness in the white light that
falls from our

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Bethel, W. J. Wheeler's Drug Store.
South Paris, W. J. Wheeler's Drug Store.
Norway, W. J. Wheeler's Drug Store.
Rumford Falls, C. Clifford.

Bethel, Maine, March 17, 1897.

BETHEL LOCALS.

To day is St. Patrick's day.

Sunday the sun crosses the line.

W. E. Perkins of Paris Hill was in Bethel Monday.

W. J. Wheeler of South Paris was in town Monday.

Revs. Jordan and Barton will exchange pulpits next Sabbath.

Mrs. Ava Finney, who has been confined to her house, is rapidly improving.

The Columbian Club will meet with Mrs. G. R. Wiley, Saturday of this week.

Mrs. Mary Ann Merrill has gone to Portland to spend several weeks visiting.

Regular chorus rehearsal Thursday and Saturday evenings, if weather permits.

Mr. Clinton Metcalf of Farmington, spent Sunday and Monday with Mr. Seth Walker and family.

Mrs. Enoch Foster will give a dance at the Bethel House Friday evening, in honor of her son's birthday.

At the Congregational church next Sunday, Mr. B. C. Snyder will sing "Fear Not Ye! Oh Israel," by Dudley Buck.

Tonight's "Gentlemen's Night," at the Federation of Clubs, in Garland Chapel. A short programme has been prepared.

Business is increasing rapidly at the Steam-mill, and it looks now as if a long era of prosperity is in store for that vicinity.

The Ladies' Club will meet on Thursday afternoon of this week with Mrs. Bunting on Park St., and not with Mrs. Herrick as announced on first page.

Woodsum Mason, a former resident of Bethel, died at Pomona, Calif., Monday morning, of pneumonia. Mr. Mason was 73 years of age and leaves a wife, one son and three daughters.

Pension attorney A. W. Grover is busy furnishing evidence to complete the claim, which was recorded by the late J. G. Rich, and also putting in several new claims that have been placed in his hands. It is generally considered that the present times are more encouraging for the old soldiers in the matter of a liberal recognition by Uncle Sam.

Those who ride wheels will be interested to know that a new arrangement has recently been patented, and is now upon the market, called the bicycle supporter, which, as the name implies, prevents the bicycle from falling over when not in use. Those using it will no longer have to hunt for a telegraph pole, side-walk, or stone-wall, against which to lean their wheels, but rather can stop in any place, and the supporter is ready to hold the wheel in an upright position. Anyone desiring to see this long needed article can do so by calling upon S. N. Buck.

GRAFTON. Valuation, \$53,859.00; number of polls assessed 26; poll tax 2.00, number of dogs, 10; total commitment, 644.47; liabilities, 2,083.73; resources, 431.88; balance against the town, 1,556.90. Town meeting, Monday, March 1.

Lock The Door

Before the horse is stolen. Purify, enrich and vitalize your blood and build up your physical system before disease attacks you and serious sickness comes. Hood's Sarsaparilla will make you strong and vigorous and will expel from your blood all impurities and germs of disease. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now.

Hood's PILLS are the favorite family cathartic. Easy to take, gentle, mild. 25 cents.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give one hundred dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars; free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Read the BETHEL NEWS—\$1.25.

STATE NEWS.

Monday, March 15, was the 77th birthday of the State of Maine.

The Rumford Falls Times has issued a special edition of 5,000 copies for the Sportsmen's Exposition. It is illustrated and is designed to advertise the Rangleley Lakes region.

A manufacturer of novelties at East Sumner was surprised last week to receive an order for 2,000, 1000 checker blocks. An extra crew has been put on getting out and preparing lumber for the largest order of the kind ever received in Maine.

At the election in Augusta, Gen. W. S. Choate was re-elected mayor, by a vote standing: Choate (Rep.) 1025, Williamson (Dem.) 566, Thompson (Pro.), 37.

The Episcopal parsonage in Waterville was damaged by fire Saturday, March 6. The damage was confined to the stable and shed, and the ell and attic of the main house. The origin of the fire seems a mystery. By judicious use of the water the furniture was damaged only by smoke. Loss \$1,500.

The Paris Manufacturing Co., the largest of its class in New England, after several adjourned meetings, elected, Wednesday, Geo. H. Wilson, Pres.; Geo. R. Morton, Treas.; H. T. Morton, superintendent. General Manager L. C. Bates, of New Haven, has bought ex-Treasurer Denison's stock, acquiring the controlling interest. He may enlarge the plant. H. T. Denison has withdrawn to enter other business.

A Swiss firm is considering the project of moving a part of its plant into the large shoe factory near the railway station in Paris. This factory has been idle for a number of years, but since the organization of the board of trade, attempts have been made to revive this industry.

The Brunswick Telegraph protests against the statement made at the recent meeting of the Sons of the Revolution in Portland, that only one Maine man, Gen. William Whipple, signed the Declaration of Independence. Matthew Thornton, a signer from New Hampshire, was born in Brunswick, Maine, at the head of Magnolia Bay, where his father resided. The house was located on the Samuel Dunning farm, near the shore, where the old cellar is still to be seen. The house was burned by the Indians during the Indian war, and Thornton and his family left the place and settled in New Hampshire.

GLEANNINGS.

"Mother" McKinley will spend two or three weeks in Washington.

Hon. Chas. A. Boutelle has arrived in Bangor, where he will remain until the opening session of Congress.

There is no suggestion of opposition to Mr. Reed for the next Speaker of the House.

Republican senators claim that Vice-President Hobart will have the deciding vote in the Senate.

England is making a large addition of 108 ships to her already huge navy, 66 of which will be completed during the year, and the expenditures are placed at \$109, 190,000. There will also be an increase of 6,119 men and 121 officers in the navy.

The commander-in-chief of the German navy appeared before the budget committee of Reichstag, Friday, and stated that five ironclads, ten cruisers, twenty-two torpedo boats, and other increases were needed to enhance the naval strength of the empire. He adds that the fleets of France and Russia have made great progress within recent years, and the German navy is comparatively inadequate.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, widow of the famous preacher, died at the home of her son-in-law, Rev. Samuel Scovell, at Stamford, Conn., at 10.42 A. M. Monday, at the age of 84 years. It was ten years to a day, and almost exactly the same hour, that her husband passed away. Mrs. Beecher's death had been expected at any time during the last two months. Her vitality had surprised her physicians, who, for several weeks, have not given the slightest hope that she would recover.

Maria G. McKenney.

Mrs. Maria G. McKenney, who died at Bryan's Pond Tuesday, March 9th, was born in Poland, Me., June 13, 1803, thus being at the time of her death 89 years, 8 months and 26 days old. She was the daughter of John Garland, who came from Barrington, N. H., and was one of the earlier settlers of the town of Greenwood. Mrs. McKenney was quite a young girl when they moved to Greenwood, and probably was more familiar with the early history of this town than any one living today.

She first married Benjamin Herrick, by whom she had eleven children. Mr. Herrick died in 1854. She was again married, this time to Charles McKenney, a veteran of the war of 1812. Mrs. McKenney is survived by four of her children, Mr. Abner H. Herrick of Locke's Mills, Mrs. Amos Packard of Baltimore, Md., Mrs. N. M. Small of Bryan's Pond, with whom she resided, and A. E. Herrick, Esq., of Bethel.

The funeral took place at Bryan's Pond, Friday, the 12th, the Rev. Mr. Hannaford, of Rumford, officiating.

She was a woman of great religious faith and died expressing the strongest hope and belief in her future.

Rings...

Turquoise, Pearls, Moonstones, Garnets, Emeralds, Opals, Amethyst, Topaz.

Combination and Single Stone Settings for Ladies and Gentlemen. Rings for Boys and Girls, all styles.

Very complete line of engagement and wedding rings.

New stones put in old rings and new rings for old stones.

Broken rings mended, thin ones made heavy.

Special rings made to order in a few days.

Estimates cheerfully given.

EDWARD KING,

THE JEWELER,

BETHEL, ME.

The Situation in Southern Europe.

The trouble in Greece apparently supplies the conditions favorable for a general European war more completely than has any European embroglio in decades. Not only is the balance of power threatened, but most of the first-class powers also have important interests directly at stake. It is conceded that a war between Greece and Turkey would be the signal for the dissolution of the Ottoman empire and a division of its territory among its neighbors and other European countries and each power is naturally anxious to have a finger in the Oriental pie.

England has long posed as the protector of the "Sick man of Europe" and precedent as well as present interest would lead her to side with Turkey although many of her people sympathize with Greece. Russia has coveted Constantinople for centuries, and the government at St. Petersburg will undoubtedly keep one eye on this possible southern port throughout any trouble that may ensue. France, Germany and Italy are interested either directly or as allies, and the degree of their concern is to be measured by their extraordinary efforts to put their fleets in readiness for hostilities.

Greece and Turkey are ready to let loose the dogs of war, and the next few days will undoubtedly decide whether Europe is to have continued peace or far-reaching hostilities. —[Free Press.]

A Bath captain, who was recently in Cuba, is not an admirer of the officers from Spain, who are sent there to carry on war against the Cubans, and does not hesitate to say they are far below the standard of army officers of other countries. They have not the least idea of the size and power of the United States. One of them asked the captain what the country would do if Spain landed 100,000 soldiers at New York. To get at his meaning exactly the mariner inquired "Do you mean in New York city?" The officer said he did. "Well," answered the captain, "The mayor would only have to order out the police and put every one of them in the caboose." The captain is of the opinion that if Spain sent every soldier and male inhabitant in the domain to Cuba she would never be able to conquer the Cubans. —[Bath Times.]

X-Rays

Of severest trial and test prove In regard to Hood's Sarsaparilla

1st, Greatest Merit

Secured by a peculiar Combination of Food, Protection and Process unknown to others which naturally and actually produces

2d, Greatest Cures

Shown by thousands of honest, voluntary testimonials— which naturally and actually produce

3d, Greatest Sales

According to the statements of druggists all over the country. In these three points Hood's Sarsaparilla is peculiar to itself.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—It is the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills with Hood's Sarsaparilla

Bethel.

GOULD'S ACADEMY.

Bethel.

SPRING TERM

BEGINS

TUESDAY, MARCH 16,

1897.

Principal,

FRED W. FLOOD, A. B.

Assistants,

Alice E. Purington, Harry L. Small

A. W. GROVER,

Pension Attorney,

BETHEL, MAINE.

desire to call the attention of all who have claims in the hands of the late J. C. Rice, Esq., that I have all his papers and books pertaining to such claims and am continuing possession of such claims wherever desired. Please correspond or call at my office, where you will find me on the three last days of the week. Correspondence attended to at any time.

Children's Column.

Conducted by Lena B. Ellingwood.

We are pleased to receive contributions of all sorts, letters, stories, poems, etc., for this department, and all communications should be addressed to Mrs. A. D. Ellingwood, Bethel, Me.

JACK'S STORY.

"Oh, grandpa," cried little Bess, as she stood warming her hands by the cheerful fire one day in winter, "what's that funny, humming sound I hear in the fireplace?"

Grandpa was reading the *Daily*, and said briefly, "Air."

"But how, grandpa, please tell me how?" said the young maid perseveringly, drawing his paper aside. "I'm busy now; don't bother me." And that was all the satisfaction she received from grandpa.

"Bessie," called a voice from the next room, "come here and I'll tell you." Bessie went; poor cousin Jack sat there among his pillows with a crutch at his side. Two years before, he had fallen from a tree and been badly hurt; and since then he had not been strong enough to walk without aid.

"Take a chair and sit here by me," he said, "and I'll begin."

This looked as though a story was coming, and Bessie obeyed with alacrity. What she should do without cousin Jack she did not know; no one else told her such long wonderful stories that filled her curly head with vague, delightful fancies; and stories were to Bessie one of the necessities of life.

"Now begin," she said, when arranged to her satisfaction, with the two kittens on her lap.

"Well, once upon a time, there was a beautiful grove, all carpeted with soft green moss, and roofed by the interlacing boughs of large trees. In summer the sweetest voiced birds went there, and the force rays of the sun were tempered and fell softly through the trees, making a dancing, flickering lace-work on the moss. Gentle breezes stirred the leaves, making a pleasant rustle that would lull you to sleep like sweet, soft music. Altogether it was just such a place as your favorite fairies would like to inhabit."

"What does that mean?" asked Bessie.

"To live in, but don't interrupt. On such a day as I have described Pan was there on a little knoll, at one end of the grove, with the wonderful musical instrument which he invented, occasionally drawing from it a few sweet strains, and then looking around impatiently for others who were coming."

"I like the story," put in Bessie, mildly, "but what has that to do with the sound I heard in the fireplace?"

"A great deal; and if you'll be patient, and not keep interrupting me, you'll soon know. At length in the distance he heard silvery laughter, and sweet voices talking, and soon through the trees he spied a number of wood nymphs, coming to the dance. More were constantly arriving, coming from all directions, and soon Pan began playing; not soft, sad notes, as before the nymphs came; but a wild, jubilant, elfin strain, so wondrous that all the birds stopped their songs to listen, and the feathers of some began to bristle with anger and jealousy toward the one whose music was so much better than theirs. The nymphs glided smoothly and gracefully through the dance. From the river which flowed near by, a dripping naiad, or water nymph, arose, threw back her wet locks, and heaved a sigh; her tender eyes were filled with sorrow that she was powerless to leave her watery home and join in such merry sport. Then she bethought herself of the wonderful beauties of the ocean, remembered that the wood nymphs could not behold them, and was content with her lot. She heaved another sigh, this time not for herself, but for those who were dancing; then down into the water she dove, and hurried on to where the river flowed into a little sheltered bay, and beyond that to the broad, broad ocean."

"Oh, tell me what she saw there, and what she did," said Bessie, who, in her interest in the story had let both kittens fall unheeded to the floor.

"The story isn't about her, but the wood nymphs, so we must go back to them. One was there who danced on and on, never tiring, never making a mistake, though others were obliged to stop and rest. At length, when all but this one had stopped, they began to grow jealous, and two who had before been the acknowledged leaders of the band, drew aside and began talking together in low and excited tones."

"Who is she, anyway?" said one.

"Where did she come from?" said the other; she never was here before. For my part I think she ought to be punished for coming among us and trying to make us think she is so much better than we."

"So do I," said No. 1; "but how?"

"Oh, we'll arrange that; imprison her in a tree and let her stay there."

"When the sun reached the horizon and shadows grew long, the musician bade the nymphs good-night and went away. Then, while the others were leaving the grove, the two jealous nymphs

talked with the beautiful dancer who suspected no evil, and kept her attention till only those three were left in the grove; then they seized her, stifled her cries, and imprisoned her in the trunk of a large tree. There in her narrow cell the poor nymph stayed till the summer passed away.

"One November day, a little girl and boy were going through the woods in search of nuts, and the little girl, being tired, leaned against a tree—the very one, it chanced, in which our nymph was. She heard a low, sad murmur, and said to her brother, 'Oh, let's go on; I don't like to stay here, the wind sounds so sorry!'"

"The wind isn't blowing," the boy replied; but he, too, heard the mournful sound, darkness was coming on, and they hurried away, frightened. It wasn't the wind they heard, but our poor nymph mourning for liberty."

"Winter came, drear and cold, and still no help reached her. The winds whistled and shrieked through the bare branches of the tree, and the snow lay piled high and white around its base. Then came the cheery sound of woodmen's axes, telling the trees to the ground. And one day the nymph felt a sudden shock; her tree was being cut down. It tottered, swayed and fell crashing through the branches of other trees, to the snow covered earth. We cannot stop to follow it in all its went through, but at last, a part of it, the part in which the poor nymph was still a prisoner, lay on a large woodpile in a shed. One cold day in the next winter, it was taken down from the woodpile, carried into a house and placed in a large open fireplace, where it made a cheerful blaze."

"And the poor nymph was burned, I repeat," said Bessie sorrowfully.

"Oh, no; the flames freed her from that long imprisonment, and it was her song of gladness for her new found freedom that you heard in the fireplace."

"Come, come, Jack," said grandpa, who had paid more attention to the story than the latest political news as reported in the *Daily*, "haven't you told fibs enough to the child for one day?"

"Oh, I don't call it fibbing, grandpa," answered Jack, "I am only teaching her infant mind to soar in the airy realms of imagination."

"I don't see much difference," said grandpa briefly, as he resumed his reading.

Hanover, Me., March 15, 1897.

Dear Mr. Editor:

I have never written for this paper before and so I thought I would write and if you print it perhaps I will write again. As this is my first letter I hope it will escape the waste basket and then I will have the courage to write again. I am a little girl nine years old. I like to read the letters in the "Children's Column" very much. My school is done. I have good times sliding and playing with my dolls. I have five dolls. I have a cat and a dog. The cat's name is Jack, and the dog's name is Towser.

Yours truly,

Jessie Howe.

Centre Montville, Me., Mar. 15, '97.

Dear Mr. Editor:

I am a little boy eleven years old. I have one brother and one sister younger than myself. My school closed four weeks ago. My teacher's name is Elmer E. Hall. I liked him very much. I studied arithmetic, spelling, geography, and grammar, and read in the fifth reader. I have never written for the News before, but if this is published I shall try again.

Yours truly,

Chester B. Cushman.

West Bethel, Me., Feb. 27, 1897.

Dear Editor:

I saw in the News that a prize was to be given to the boy or girl under 14 years of age that got the largest list of words out of "Children's Column," without any assistance.

I shall be 12 years old next May.

Health in Every Drop.

No medicine in the world has received so much praise as Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.

Every mail brings testimonials from people

all over the United States. Words of thankfulness go up from thousands of lips.

Mrs. James E. Beach, of Rosendale, N. Y., says: "About seven years ago I was a sufferer from kidney disease, so sick and helpless I could not walk a step. My physician could do me no good, so I began to use Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. From the first dose I could see improvement and it entirely cured me. My husband used it for dyspepsia, with excellent results."

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy dissolves the excess of uric acid in the blood, thus curing Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Kidney, Liver and Urinary troubles. It is peculiar to women are positively and permanently cured by this marvelous medicine.

It is a bottle of Druggists.

Major Brice of the fish commission recently took a carload of lobsters from Holyoke, Mass., to Monterey, Cal., where the conditions of their multiplication are favorable, as is shown by the way the "pistol crab" flourishes there.

and have got 560 words which I send with this letter.

The words are just as I wrote them without being looked over by any one except myself. I do not expect to get the prize, but hope that I have learned enough to pay me for my trouble if I do not.

I meant to have written a longer letter but have not time now. This is written poorly and I have made a great many mistakes, because I am very tired of it. I may try this again but I don't know, it is pretty slow work.

I must not write any more now, for it is getting late.

Yours respectfully,

Ada I. Dunham.

East Bethel, Me., Feb. 25, 1897.

Dear Mr. Editor:

Seeing you gave a prize for the largest list of words out of "Children's Column," I have tried for it, and have got one thousand one hundred and seventeen (1,117) words, and have found them all myself.

I am twelve years old. I take much interest in the Children's Column, and like to read the letters and stories.

Your friend,

Hester Kimball.

Gilead, Me., Feb. 25, 1897.

Dear Editor:

I have read some of the little girls' and boys' letters in your paper, and thought I would try and write one. I have two brothers, Fred and Philip. Fred is thirteen years old, but Philip is only thirteen months. He is just learning to walk and I think he looks very cunning. Fred and I are going to school now. This is the twelfth week and it is going to close next Thursday. I study reading, arithmetic, geography, spelling, and writing. I have been reading "Black Beauty" in school instead of reading in my reader. Our teacher has read "Beautiful Joe" to us. Our teacher's name is Bertha Goud. She lives in Dummer, N. H. I think she is a very good teacher. I am eleven years old, and my name is—

Edna Grace Wight.

Bethel, Me., Feb. 26, 1897.

Dear Mr. Editor:

Seeing your offer in the paper of a prize to the one that would get the longest list of words from the words "Children's Column," I thought I would try. I do not expect to get the prize, but I thought that I could not lose more than the paper and time. I have found the pocket speller a great help to me. I think I could have got more if I had had more time, but did not think that I should try until last Thursday. Age 9 years.

Your friend,

Byron A. Cummings.

Boston, Mass.

To the News:

Seeing your offer of a prize for the most words one could make out of "Children's Column," I thought I would try for it, and have been hunting them up ever since. I have never been to Bethel but hope to go this summer to see my cousins. We are expecting a visit from Florence every day, on her way to Worcester. I attend the Hyde school and there are forty-five pupils in my class. I shall graduate this June from the grammar, and am the youngest in my class, being thirteen in July.

Pearl Doughter.

34 Hammond St., Boston, Mass.

A Good Little Motto.

Here is a good motto for little people, which is going the round of the exchanges:

Good, better, best—

Never let it rest

Till your good is better,

And your better best.

Wishing.

Ring—ting! I wish I were a Primrose, A bright, yellow Primrose, blooming in the spring!

The stooping boughs above me, The wandering bee to love me,

The fern and moss to creep across, And the Elm-tree for our king.

Nay—stay! I wish I were an Elm-tree, A great, lofty Elm-tree, with green leaves gay!

The winds would set them dancing, The sun and moonshine glance in, The birds would house among the boughs,

And sweetly sing.

Oh—no! I wish I were a Robin, A Robin or a little Wren, everywhere to go;

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